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SKYLINE TRAIL



No. 58
NOVEMBER
1950

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The Big Parade of 1950

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Beiler, A.H.	Brooklyn, N.Y.	Kelly, A.R.	Abbotsford, B.C.
Berger, Miss Ruth E.	Chicago, Ill.	Louden, R.D.	Calgary, Alta.
Bowman, Miss B.	Calgary, Alta.	Lloyd, Miss Elsie	Calgary, Alta.
Boyd, Miss Evelyn	Picton, Ont.	MacKenzie, Mrs. N.	Vancouver, B.C.
Cape, Miss Winnie	Calgary, Alta.	MacKenzie, Miss Susie	Vancouver, B.C.
Chanter, F.H.W.	Nelson, B.C.	Martin, G.C.	West Vancouver, B.C.
Corey B.H.	Calgary, Alta.	Mapplebeck, Mrs. J.M.	Black Diamond, Alta.
Davidson, Miss Jean	Edmonton, Alta.	McMurtry, Miss Eleanor	Calgary, Alta.
de Lacy, Miss Bea	Portland, Ore.	Moodie, Miss Marcella	Kelowna, B.C.
Doeller, Miss E.	Dayton, Ohio	Nichols, Graham	Montreal, Que.
Doeller, G.A.	Dayton, Ohio	Patterson, Miss Audrey	Edmonton, Alta.
Doeller, Mrs. G.A.	Dayton, Ohio	Plommer, Miss Connie	Vancouver, B.C.
Dunn, Miss Doreen	Edmonton, Alta.	Riley, Mrs. R.C.	Calgary, Alta.
Edgcomb, E.R.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Richards, Clarence	Calgary, Alta.
Edgcomb, Mrs. E.R.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Robinson, Miss L.	Calgary, Alta.
Everett, Dr. G.M.	Chicago, Ill.	Round, F.W.E.	Banff, Alta.
Fallis, Miss Ann	Lethbridge, Alta.	Segal, Sol	Chicago, Ill.
Forbes, Miss Joan	Shawinigan, B.C.	Shulman, Lou W.	Calgary, Alta.
Fuglestad, Miss H.	Richmond Hill, N.Y.	Somerville, Dr. A.	Edmonton, Alta.
Gabor, Des	New York, N.Y.	Stewart, Miss Jean	Fort William, Ont.
Gallagher, J. P.	Calgary, Alta.	Turner, Miss Dorothy	Calgary, Alta.
Giffard, Miss Ann	Shawinigan, B.C.	Wagner, Miss Edith	Picton, Ont.
Gilbert, Miss Viola	Troy, N.Y.	Wayne, Miss Eileen	Calgary, Alta.
Hamilton, Mrs. A.C.	Golden, B.C.	Wheeler, Sir Oliver	Windermere, B.C.
Helmsley, Miss M.	Turner Valley, Alta.	Wheeler, Lady	Windermere, B.C.
Hinman, Miss Caroline	Summit, N.J.	Wolfenden, Mrs. L.C.	Toronto, Ont.
Holmes, E.P.	Calgary, Alta.	Wright, Miss Gwen	Vancouver, B.C.
		Wurstenberger, F.L.	Turner Valley, Alta.

*Hikers enjoy
chit-chat on
shores of
skyward lake.*



(Des Gabor)

Tumbling Creek Meadows to be Site of '51 Camp

EVER heard of Tumbling Creek Meadows? Maybe you haven't—yet.

But by this time next year you'll have heard plenty about it—and sampled its glories as well—provided you're one of those lucky ones to participate in the 1951 trail hike, scheduled for Saturday, July 28, to Wednesday, August 1.

Plans are already underway to establish our big base tepee camp at this Rocky Mountain beauty spot which lies some 40 miles west of Banff on the Windermere Highway.

Tumbling Creek Meadows is ideal from the hikers' standpoint. Lying some seven miles off the highway, it provides an easy first day's hike (1950 hikers, please note) an abundance of top-notch alpine panorama, and on the more materialistic side—a fine “townsite”, good water, good tepee poles and good firewood.

In our next issue, due in February, we'll have more to tell you about the surrounding trails, the scenic highlights, the fishing opportunities, the variety of photographic targets, and other delights that make us wish the calendar had fewer pages between November and July.

We also plan to include a map of the popular “Herb Ashley” variety—a type that has proven highly popular with our members in past issues of the Skyline Trail. The map will indicate the principal trails and location of such beauty spots as Floe Lake and other landmarks that loom large in the '51 itinerary.

We might add that the area has the enthusiastic support of our president, and other members of the executive, as well as outfitter Claude Brewster, whose job it is to get us in and out.

Now is the time to make your plans for what we hope will add new glories to our hike history! Write the Secretary-Treasurer for particulars.

The Skyline Trail

*Official Publication of the Skyline Trail
Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.*

The editor invites all members to contribute any news items or photographs they consider might be of interest to Trail Hikers in general. Any such material that cannot be used promptly will be kept on file for future issues or returned promptly. Address all communications to

GRAHAM NICHOLS
Secretary-Treasurer,
Skyline Trail Hikers,
Room 284, Windsor Station,
Montreal, Que.

Hope You Like It

Here it is hikers—the little mag you've been waiting for—and here's hoping it brings back all kinds of happy memories of the Rocky Mountain trails and camp life we enjoyed this summer at Bryant Creek Meadows.

First of all, let's give a big editorial orchid to those whose articles and photos appear in this issue of Skyline Trail. They have, we feel, done an excellent job of portraying the hike highlights and associated subjects.

We are particularly grateful to A.H. Beiler of Brooklyn, N.Y., for his superb account of the recent hike, to Dan McCowan of Banff, for his informative nature story, and Chas. J. Lovell of Oak Lawn, Ill., for his account of a solo sortie in the high hills.

For the excellent photographs we have to thank Dr. A. “Sandy” Somerville of Edmonton, Des Gabor of New York, E.P. Holmes, of Calgary, Chas. Lovell and Miss Marcella Moodie of Kelowna, as well as those contributed by Bill Round, our official photographer who is responsible for our November cover.

All photographs in this issue, unless otherwise credited, represent work of Bill Round.

We hope you enjoy the November issue. If you have any suggestions for improving the magazine, please let's hear about them!

Remember The Dates • July 28th - August 1st



MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW!





Trail Hikers at "Three Sisters" camp

(Des Gabor)

Hikers Guests of "Calgary Power"

IF IT'S true that "all's well that ends" well, the 1950 trail hike must have gone over very well indeed. How did it end? As if we could forget that delightful stopover at Three Sisters Construction Camp on the last leg of our homeward trip—a trip that started in a drenching downpour from our trailhead many a rainy mile to the south.

It was the surprise element that really did it. As we conjured visions of a "mug of java and a sandwich" across a counter in a Banff restaurant, still many miles to the west, the buses pulled to a stop at the big construction camp of the Calgary Power Company. Believing it was a "routine stop" the hikers stepped from their buses—and the truth became immediately apparent.

We were to be guests of Mr. G.A. Gaherty, president of the Calgary Power Company, at as sumptuous a spread as ever gladdened a returning hikers' eye. After five days of camp life in the woods it was a magnificent readmission into the world we had left behind.

On behalf of the Trail Hikers, the secretary-treasurer despatched a letter of appreciation to Mr. Gaherty, accompanied by a check for \$10.00 to be divided among the efficient staff of cooks and waiters.

The secretary's letter read in part:
"I speak for every member of the 1950 hike

when I express the organization's deep appreciation for the generous treatment accorded us at the Three Sisters while enroute from camp to Banff last Thursday afternoon.

"This thoughtful gesture was all the more appreciated in that it came as a complete surprise to our slightly rain-soaked membership, some of whom had been overtaken by a sudden rainstorm near the end of the trail."

A copy of Mr. Gaherty's reply is printed hereunder:

Dear Mr. Nichols:

"I wish to acknowledge and thank you for your very kind letter. It is a source of satisfaction to know that our efforts were appreciated and we were happy indeed to have your party as our guests, even for a short while.

"Please extend to the members of Skyline Trail Hikers of The Canadian Rockies our thanks for their thoughtfulness in sending along a cheque, which we shall hand to Mr. George Eckenfelder, our Job Superintendent, on behalf of the "Hikers", and he will see that a proper distribution is made.

"With kind personal regards and our very best wishes to the Skyline Trail Hikers, I remain

Yours sincerely,
G.A. Gaherty,
President.

Caroline Hinman Named President

A COUNCIL member in 1948, a vice-president in 1949 and president in 1950—and a member of only three years' standing—that is the proud record of Miss Caroline Hinman of Summit, N.J., who was named chief executive at this year's annual meeting at Bryant Creek camp.

Miss Hinman, whose "Off the Beaten Track" letterhead is known to travellers far and wide, succeeds Miss Bea de Lacy who this year led the skyliners through another highly successful hiking season, and who impressed us all with her efficiency.

Despite her short record with the hikers, Miss Hinman has been intimately acquainted with the Rockies for many years. Much of her knowledge and love of the trails was acquired during her 20 years with the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, our sister organization, with which Miss Hinman has accumulated a total of more than 2,500 miles.

For a brief resume of the new president's career, we'll quote excerpts from a letter received from Miss Hinman at the request of the editor:

"Tho' a member of the trail riders for some 20 years, I did not know the joys of the skyline hikers until 1948 at lovely Citadel Pass camp with its never-to-be-forgotten mountain flower garden and view of Assiniboine from the larch sprinkled hill back of camp. Perhaps it was my enthusiasm for the skyline hikers that put me on the council for 48-49. I am sure it was the memory of those five glorious days that drew me back next year to "Tepee-land" in Skoki Valley beside the dancing trout stream—and there, perhaps because I so loved the skyline life they made me a vice-president for 49-50.

Last summer I was back again hiking and camping with the "skyliners" in the Bryant Creek,

Marvel Lake and Assiniboine country, enjoying with them the fantastic red and gold light, each evening, on our camp and its surrounding mountains. There, because Sir Oliver Wheeler could hardly accept our presidency, having just received the same honor from the Canadian Alpine Club,

and because Dr. Somerville could not accept because his wife wanted him with her for at least one summer, the honor of being your president fell to me!

I hope I can be back with you in 1951 on the trail to Floe Lake where white queen cup and bunchberry blossoms gleam like stars, where false forget-me-nots grow two feet high and where on the forest trail the ferns are so thick and high that they reminded me of the trails we rode in Java.

There around our evening camp fire perhaps I can relate to you some of the adventures

I hope to have this winter on a three months trip to South Africa and its Kruger Park, where lions look at you curiously thru your car windows; to Victoria Falls on the Zambesi River; to Uganda where one of our hotels is on a high escarpment above the plains, below which we hope to watch elephants feeding; to Belgian Congo with its snow mountains on the equator; to Kenya where we have a three day safari to Lake Amboseli at the foot of 17,000 foot Kilimanjaro and camp out near one of East Africa's largest game regions.

So, old friends and new, come to "Tepee-Land" next summer and together we will enjoy active days on the trail and lazy evenings by the campfire, with stars overhead, good comradeship always—and such food! Those five days will live in your memory until you come again and will refresh your life forever."



President Caroline Hinman (left)
and Lady Wheeler.



All set for a day's hike.

A Tenderfoot Joins the Skyline

by ALBERT H. BEILER

CAN YOU tell me if any of the trail hikers are already here?" we asked the clerk at the Mt. Royal Hotel on Wednesday evening. He looked uncomprehending. "We have all sorts of hikers here," he said shortly, dismissing them and us with seeming indifference.

"These are a very special group," we persisted, "and they are scheduled to meet here by Friday at the latest."

"Oh," he said, "just a minute."

And only a minute later we were shaking hands with Jean Stewart and Pop Martin and so got off to an excellent start. Pop recommended Dan McCowan's lecture that evening at a nearby church and Dan's beautiful collection of slides and his nimble Scotch wit were indeed a delight.

Thursday we spent climbing Mt. Rundle—a good long pull it was too—and Friday in sight-seeing, preparing the duffle and leaving it on the Mt. Royal's porch.

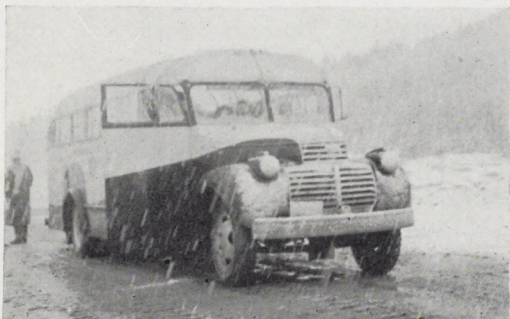
With the forethought we soon learned was

characteristic of the trail hikers, a get-acquainted meeting had been arranged that evening in a church auditorium. We saw movies and slides of past trips and became acquainted with our trail companions. Jean Stewart—that colorful and vivacious mistress of ceremonies—taught us camp songs and before the evening was over we could sing "Hi-Diddle-Dee-Dee" without tying our tongues into knots more than twice per stanza.

Saturday morning we dispatched a hearty breakfast with gusto, haste, and impatience, and by 8:30 expectantly walked into the lobby of the hotel. It was a sight to behold. Every available seat was being filled with the most exotic looking and colorful people imaginable—the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies. Men and women in the most diverse attire—trousers, knickers, dungarees, slacks, skirts, dresses; caps and hats in all shapes and colors—plain, Alpine, feathered; sweaters, jackets, raincoats—a kaleidoscopic array with no two persons having a single garment alike. Friends were greeting friends; there was an excited buzz of conversation about the trip and the ominous weather.

To some of the milk-nurtured tourists who take guided trips and who were in the lobby at this time, our group must have seemed as motley and bizarre a crew of pirates as ever stalked the Dry Tortugas.

Soon we were rolling along the Trans-Canada highway in Brewster buses to Canmore amidst a dense downpour through which even the determined optimism of Jean Stewart could not penetrate. A slight rift in the clouds was considered an augury of forthcoming good weather. All in vain.



Snowbound in July.

(E.P.Holmes)

At Canmore passing cars with snow on the roof presaged worse ahead and in Whiteman Pass we met the snow storm head-on—this on Saturday, July 29, 1950.

The mud-puddles kept getting worse and finally one of these delivered the coup de grace to the second of our two buses, thoroughly drenching its ignition wiring. At the Three Sisters Construction Camp, we were dissuaded from proceeding further and so ignominiously threaded our way back through the bogs and mud-puddles to the stalled bus where we ate lunch with teeth chattering from cold and conversation. Then back to Banff we travelled hoping Irving Berlin's song "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow" would live up to its title.

Next morning we were again on deck at 8:30 champing at the bit and ready to be off. This time skies were blue and sunny but the bus was

feeling of warmth and happiness suffused us. New York seemed very far away

Jean Stewart started us on camp songs accompanied by Clarence Richards on his accordion. At ten, cocoa and cookies were brought in. Most of us drank 2 cups apiece. Then with one accord everyone rose and toasted themselves 'round the fire, the while continuing conversation with his neighbors. Gradually the circle in the Doughnut became smaller. We too finally departed, groping our way with the aid of a flashlight to the Blue Bear tepee. Our companions were already there. Shiveringly all of us plunged into our pajamas and then slid into the warm soothing embrace of our down sleeping-bags. We breathed the pungent clean odor of the pine needles under us and looked up to a star-studded sky through the opening in the teepee. We felt very warm and cozy . . .

"Bang-bong, bang-bong," went the cook spoon against the skillet. Thus abruptly awakened, we opened a sleepy eye and prepared for the ordeal of extruding ourself from the sleeping bag and facing the cold cruel world without. And we mean Cold! One of the hikers had forgotten to empty his wash basin the night before and we found a solid disc of ice in it which could be dislodged only by hot water.

After perfunctory and purely token ablutions we found our nostrils being assailed by a tantalizing odor strangely reminiscent of flapjacks and bacon. Nose close to the ground we followed the scent to the door of the cook tent, where, oddly enough, a mountainous stack of wheat cakes, brown and delicious and a pan-full of sizzling bacon were awaiting the onslaught of the despoilers. And despoil them we did, after first duti-

Trail Hikers

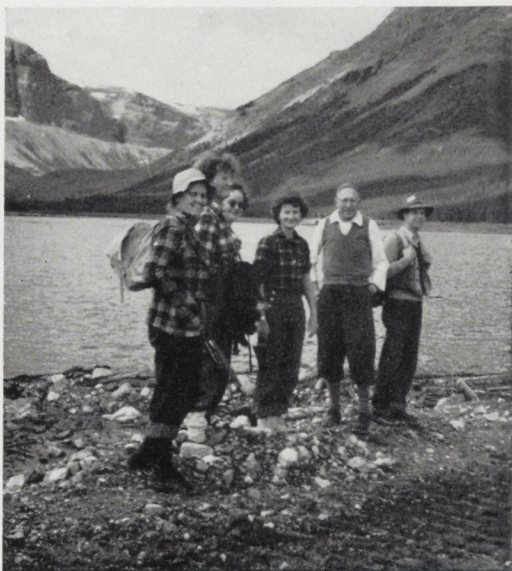
shepherded by a jeep and a winch truck, just in case, so of course nothing untoward happened. The trip along Spray Lake caused our few remaining grey hairs to turn white and when the bus finally stopped, out in the middle of nowhere, we were glad to get onto our own feet again.

There are prettier places to hike than the path which has been hastily carved out of the wilderness by the clamshell buckets and caterpillar tractors of the Calgary Power Co. but finally, we entered a cool bosky trail at the Palliser Pass Branch. And so we hiked for another 6 miles to our rendezvous with adventure—the teepees in the valley of Bryant Creek under the beetling crags of Gibraltar and Cascade Rocks.

At 5:02 P.M. we called to our trail companion, "5:00 oclock and all's well." With startling suddenness the teepees had appeared around a bend in the valley. We made a hasty selection of pine bows, prepared by the thoughtful people who looked after our comforts, then searched for our duffle in the "Doughnut" tent and by 5:30 we were comfortably ensconced in the "Blue Bear" tepee and had gotten acquainted with our two companions, E.R. Edgcomb and Dr. "Sandy" Somerville.

Supper was delicious, particularly after an 11-mile hike and we eagerly gulped hot soup with crackers, baked ham, and canned peaches, all washed down with steaming hot coffee. Mmm.

Replete as a tiger with a devout Brahmin in his interior, we soon repaired to the "Doughnut", sank down in a semi-torpor and gazed into the flickering flames of the campfire. Overhead, in a black velvet sky, the Dipper gleamed faintly. All around us sat men and women of good cheer. A



*Six happy bikers on marge
of Alpine Lake.*

fully eating fresh grapefruit and hot cereal. We shamelessly went back for a second helping and stopped eating only after 6 wheat-cakes and 8 strips of bacon had gone down the seemingly insatiable esophagus.

Our outlook on life thus enhanced, we were ready to join the eager beavers who could hardly wait to finish breakfast to be off in all directions to explore what lay beyond the passes. Shortly we were tagging along with Dr. G.M. Everett's party. With the wind and stamina of a seasoned Alpinist, the doctor was in no mood to dally and we were soon puffing and panting, well in the rear, frantically trying to improve our basal metabolism so as to convert flapjacks and bacon into much needed calories and British Thermal Units.

Our group was headed for Marvel Lake and Pass and soon the beautiful aquamarine shoreline greeted our gaze. We slabbbed the mountain towards the west end of the lake and just as your correspondent had decided that the pace was too swift and that basking in the sun on the lake shore would be more to his liking, the doctor—Ph. D. not M.D.—decided to stop for lunch. We accepted this suggestion with alacrity and performed the job with a skill born of long practice.

Wonder Pass alternative

The eager beavers had started with the determination to explore Marvel Pass but the doctor's pace had caused a number of defections en route and after lunch his supporters for the pass had dwindled to two. Besides, heading for the pass meant a loss in altitude to the lake shore and a dubious uphill path beyond. Even the doctor's firm determination wilted under the inescapable exigencies of the occasion and so the group continued up Wonder Pass instead.

It was decided to turn back at the top of the pass and the party climbed a small knoll to rest. Your correspondent, far in the rear as usual, discovered these plans from Marcella Moodie but misunderstanding her instructions we unheedingly continued upward past the knoll for another three quarters of an hour, not stopping until we came to the top of a shoulder on Tower Peak! By then we were surrounded by a vast stillness and very much alone, so, after taking pictures, we concluded we had gone too far and hastily scrambled down to join the rear echelon.

That evening we were regaled at the campfire by Sir Oliver Wheeler's account of Tibet and his Mt. Everest explorations, by Miss Caroline Hinman's experiences in Guatemala and Jack Gallagher's adventures while flying from Cairo to the Cape. Needless to say we all listened spellbound.

On Tuesday, the Wonder-Passers essayed Assiniboine Pass and vice versa. A few of the Assiniboine Passers had made the complete circuit on Monday, returning via Wonder Pass. This left

them with nothing to do on Tuesday. Some of the ladies visited the Ranger's Cabin and partook of his tea and biscuits. The ranger, who spends most of the year's 365 days in complete isolation was an ecstatic host; with the departure of the trail hikers he would again be alone with his mountains.

As one of the "Assiniboiners" on Tuesday, we had the delightful privilege of viewing that peak at fairly close range and looked longingly at its steep snow-covered sides. Some day, perhaps . . .

Your correspondent again climbed a shoulder of Tower Peak, this time fairly close to the summit, which only time prevented us from reaching.

An amusing sort of wishful thinking was indulged in by many of the trail hikers. When asked where they had been, they invariably said, "Assiniboine," not "Assiniboine Pass" although they always said "Wonder Pass" for the other trip. The single word proffered the pleasant ambi-



Solo biker.



Over the top.

guity that it might have been the peak not the pass which had been explored.

As with all enjoyable experiences, time ran out at an accelerating rate. Some Wednesday hikers went to Og Pass, some to Erling Strom's and your correspondent, up the slopes of Gibraltar Rock to

a few hair-raising tilts with 3 chimneys and a snow tunnel. Descent was mainly a series of perfect 3-point landings, i.e. à la derriere.

Wednesday's camp-fire was the piece de resistance of our evening entertainments, the creme de la creme being a hilarious performance by 6 of the girls, 4 of whom were pinch-hitting for automobile tires—or in fact an entire car—while the other two portrayed a newly married bride and groom whose ardor was constantly being cooled by mishaps to their car wheels. Everyone was reluctant to leave the camp fire that night, knowing it would be the last of the trip and in fact Ye Scribes's posterior was toasted a crisp brown by prolonged proximity to the flames.

Thursday's breakfast, too, was prolonged beyond immediate necessity as this was to be our beyond immediate necessity as this was to be our last meal together. Soon the hikers were strung along the trail for a distance of a mile or more on the return journey to the Spray Lakes.

This writer bade Bryant Creek a last farewell by sinking into its all too intimate embrace at the crossing, much to the edification of Sandy Somerville who watched in pretended commiseration from the far bank.

With bad weather at the start but with perfect weather during the trip, the elements decided to make it symmetrical and so a hail and rain storm

(continued on next page)

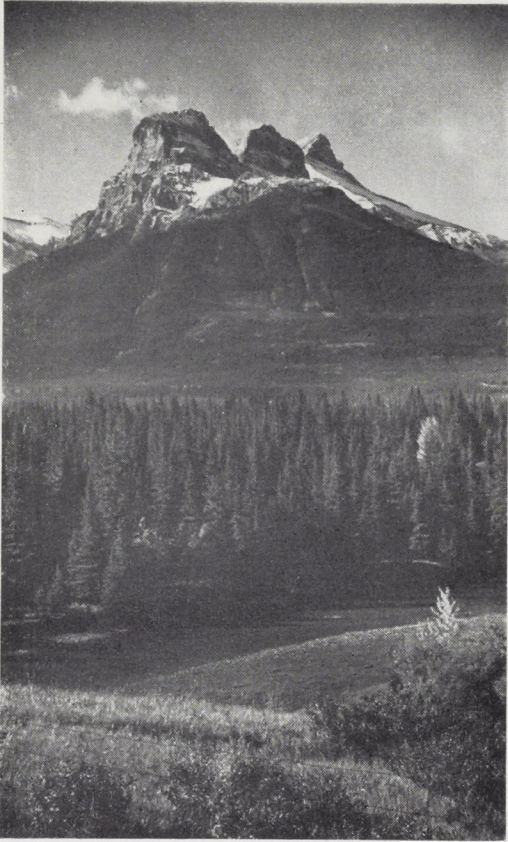


↑ Michael Guinn corraling fish into corner of Marvel Lake prior to lifting them from water.

Rest period atop Wonder Pass. Mt Aurora and Blue Mountain in background.

↓ Photos by Dr. A. Somerville)





Three Sisters near Canmore seen from trail to Marvel Lake.
(Dr. A. Somerville)

overtook us about 2 miles from our bus rendezvous. Fortuitously some abandoned construction shanties were not too far away and here some of us had lunch while waiting for the rain to stop. Finally we all gathered around a last fire to dry out and exchange pleasantries. The ubiquitous Jean Stewart had taken a short cut and as always had been one of the first to get to the meeting place.

Everyone will long remember the return bus trip along Spray Lake. Your correspondent saw several large fish waiting open-mouthed and expectantly in the lake for what seemed an inevitable meal of trail hikers but we cheated them at the last minute.

The final touch that warmed all hearts (and stomachs) was an invitation extended to us by the Calgary Power Co. to have sandwiches, coffee and cake at their Three Sisters Construction Camp. The Trail Hikers will always remember, with gratitude, this splendid example of hospitality.

Canmore and Banff were reached all too soon after we had again boarded our bus and then the Mt. Royal Hotel. Last goodbye's and handshakes. The 1950 Trail Hike was over. May we have the opportunity to attend many more in future years.

New Yorker Elected At Trail Riders Camp



Eaton Cromwell of New York, whose wife, the former Georgia Engelhard, is a well known member of the Skyliners, was elected president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, our sister organization, at the latter's annual meeting, by a unanimous vote.

A member of the trail riders for seven years, Mr. Cromwell has held a number of important offices in that organization, and was made a vice-president in 1947. A first class alpinist, he has been rubbing shoulders with the high peaks since 1911, and has been active in a number of alpine clubs here and abroad.

The meeting was held at the conclusion of two of the largest rides in the organization's history—and voted by many as two of the best. Their campsite was established near the headwaters of the Spray River and was reached in its initial stages via the same route as that followed by the hikers.

A number of hikers decided to substitute horse power for their own limbs and attend the ride as well. These included Miss Joan Alderson, Mrs. L.C. Wolfenden, Miss Jean Stewart, Lou W. Shulman, R.D. Loudon and F.W.E. Round.

The riders welcome hikers to their organization and hope as many as possible will show up for the 1951 rides which are slated for July 13-17 and July 20-24 inclusive. Base camp will be located in the Mount Goodsir region.

Any hikers interested in participating in next year's trail rides should write the secretary-treasurer for application forms and literature.



Mrs. E.R. Edgcomb at the "tea hour".

(Marcella Moodie)



Ribs are showing

Spare Ribs Wanted

★ ★ ★

● Flash to cook tent—rush spare ribs—two of them—to secretary-treasurer's tepee.

That's the kind of ribbing the sec-treas had to take in camp this summer. Reason: Two fractured ribs sustained on trail ride—and not from falling off a horse—just a collision with the sharp end of a hefty packing crate.



Sympathetic hiker

But the sec-treas, of course, did a bit of ribbing in return. After a super taping job by the doc, the patient located a section of sun-bleached rib framework that once belonged to a mountain goat (he thinks), inserted same in his jacket with bleached bones protruding, (see photo), startled hiker with remark "I guess the doc didn't tape me in well enough."

Sympathy was everywhere (see hiker at top right). "It seems," said the sec-treas, "that everyone picked this summer to tell me funny stories. And it even hurts me to laugh at my own jokes."

He did not recommend sneezing either for those with damaged framework.

The finger of suspicion also pointed ominously at the sec-treas who holds a similar position with the Trail Riders. "A fine way of getting out of riding a horse," suggested one fellow rider. The fact that the mishap occurred the first night of the first ride didn't help much either.

Latest reports indicate that the spine did not unravel with removal of the tape, and this, the patient believes, is a hopeful sign.

(Photo at left by Marcella Moodie)

Bryant Creek Meadowlarks

by Evelyn Boyd

As we think of our hike,
Now put safely away
In that part of our minds
Where the happy things stay,
Let us write down a word
Or two to recall
The numerous things
That bring smiles to us all.

In a Brewster bus loaded
With twenty (less or greater)
We sat in the snow
With a wet carburator.
In a shack nine by nine
The great council met.
'Back to Banff for the night
But we're not beaten yet'.

On a cold July dawn
Once again out we started,
But almost were stopped
By a truck bridge departed.
On a wing and a prayer
We reached the trail head,
And from there and on in
Hiker C. Hinman led.

Dr. Somerville started
A group for a walk.
Of seeing Assiniboine
I heard some tall talk.
That night round the fire
They told a strange tale
Of gremlins that led them
A fourteen mile trail.

Of fish and of sunburn
That left 'afterglow',
Of buns made by wardens,
Of sheep in a row,
Of lakes of all colors,
Of mountains supreme!
Small words will remind us
Of things we have seen.

Of rain on a mud road,
Of coffee inside us,
Of all the good fellowship
Camp can provide us.
So here's to a hike
That is history by now.
May they all be as good,
And we'll be there, and how!

"Quadrapedestrians" of the Ca

by DAN McCOWAN

CASTING about for a natural history subject pertaining to hiking on skyline trails of the Canadian Rockies and being nudged by a corn on my right foot, I all unconsciously entered an avenue of thought leading to chiropody and thence by but a step to pondering over the possibility of foot trouble amongst quadrupeds native to western Canada.

Are beavers ever bothered by bunions—is the coyote afflicted by chilblains and might badgers be sorely hampered by an ingrowing toe-nail? These are questions to which, at time of writing, I have no ready answer. It is true that domestic animals do occasionally fall lame, a notable example being that of foot rot in sheep. Horses are not only crippled by corns but also, when foundered, actually have fallen arches. Such ailments are familiar to ranchmen and to race track followers in all parts of Alberta and elsewhere. With the possible exception of black bears and of deer which have had paws grilled and hoofs charred by treading over live embers resulting from a recent forest fire the mammals resident in the mountains seldom develop a limp.

It is interesting to make survey of the footwear issued to creatures of the wild and to note how various animals have been shod for hiking in the hills. Thus the hoof casing on big horn sheep is amazingly hard, the better to withstand wear and tear on shifting shale and gritty limestone crags. The Rocky Mountains goat wears sole rubbers at all seasons of the year—not as safeguard against rheumatism nor as prudent measure against a cold in the head but simply to gain

good footing on the dizzy heights in which this aberrant antelope has sure refuge. The sole of the foot of the mountain goat is sheathed with a non-skid substance invaluable to the wearer in scaling cliffs and in descent of almost upright slabs of smooth rock.

The cony, a species of alpine hare bearing marked resemblance to a well bred guinea pig, walks barefoot during summer but on the near approach of winter is provided with sandals of coarse hair. This not only prevents frost bite—it also gives good traction on ice and snow when this four footed little hiker scurries to safety in a rock slide at sight of a coyote or a fox.

The porcupine, like the bear, is a flat-footed pedestrian much more at home in the tall steeples of spruce and pine than on the ground. The skin on the soles of the feet of this fretful denizen of the woods is almost as heavily corrugated as that on the toes of a fish hawk. This enables Porky to cling the more securely to the boles and branches of trees—in fact, lacking knobby treads on the feet this arboreal animal would find tree climbing a much more hazardous operation.

The jack-rabbit, a species of hare, is most speedy runner amongst the mammals of Canada. In one hind foot this champion sprinter has a super-charger the use of which adds greatly to the pace at which the bearer streaks across open country. Those familiar with the gait of spring-heeled Jack may readily recall having seen that

Rocky Mountain goat wears sole rubbers all seasons of year.

(C.P.R. photo)



nadian Rockies

intermittent extra kick which enables the hare to increase velocity and to show a clean pair of heels to a pursuing prairie wolf.

The varying hare has hind feet measuring about seven inches in length and covered above and below with thick coarse hair. This permits the animal to move rapidly and without floundering when deep snow covers the earth and that is why the creature is commonly called snow shoe rabbit. When in a tantrum this hare thuds heavily on the ground with its large hind feet and likewise is said to thump out messages in code to others of its kind within earshot. Gulls also stamp vigorously on sand beaches with their webbed feet, not in anger nor as method of broadcasting news but in order to bring edible worms, more curious than discreet, from their hidden retreats.

The moose, a large and heavyweight deer, has remarkably small hoofs and consequently is seldom mired in the marches wherein it obtains suitable plant food. While spindly legs and almost diminutive hoofs sink readily in the ooze of a bog they are as easily withdrawn. Wapiti or American elk, common in the Banff-Lake Louise area and venturing near urban centres in winter, are occasionally crippled by stepping on and through empty tin cans. Such a mishap has often fatal ending, it being almost impossible to free the luckless creature from its sharp edged metal anklet.

The mountain caribou, most vagrant member of the deer family, has been supplied with footwear well adapted for hiking throughout the



*From painting by Carl Rungius
Courtesy the Macmillan Co. of Canada*

Mountain Caribou's footwear changes with the seasons

changing seasons. During summer the broad flat pancake hoofs enable the owner to walk securely across quaking muskegs and also serve admirably as paddles when the animal goes swimming. On the approach of winter the hoof of the caribou becomes concave, the frog being withdrawn and the sharp ridged edges then permit this notable pedestrian to walk comfortably on hard crusted snow, to climb icy slopes on natural crampons and to trot confidently across the glare ice surface of a mountain lake.



Hero of Song Parody

*But she had lifted a paw to my finger,
'Twas goodbye to a doughnut for me.*

A trail rider demonstrates how right Dr. Gibbon was in the above lines from one of his more popular Trail Ride song parodies "The Old Egypt Trail".

The sender suggests it might be worth making a puzzle out of the pic—the question: who is the trail rider holding doughnut? The prize: a fifth cup of coffee at supper the first night in camp.

Hikers Pool Their Talents to Amaz



Group interest is evident

MANY a hiker has sat through a much-publicized "first night" with less enthusiasm than at our own first—and only—night performance. We refer of course to annual "Stunt Nite" scenes from which are portrayed on these pages.

This hilarious event, staged each year on our last night in camp, brings together all our talent—both budding and blooming—with a brand of entertainment that only a hiker could define. Then when it's all over, many a new star has risen in the trail hikers' firmament.

Skits, monologues and tap dances, comedy and tragedy—rehearsed and unrehearsed—all receive top billing on the Stunt Nite stage. And this year was no exception. With every tepee entering its own troupe of players, each tried to outdo the other in the excellence of its performance.

Granted, we did not have the stage and costume facilities you might expect for "South Pacific". And at one time the stage became target for a sudden mountain wind and rainstorm that threatened to carry off the Big Donut along with the actors.

However, the old "The show must go on" was observed according to the finest traditions of the profession. With Jean Stewart as emcee, stage manager, and prompter, each act displayed a talent that even our own tepee mates did not know existed.

We haven't room to go into the details. However, you can take our word that it was topnotch entertainment. And if you don't believe us, come along next summer and we'll stage a revival.



ize Audience at "Show of Shows"



(All photos by F.W.E. Round)

Comedy and tragedy—rehearsed and unrehearsed—highlighted the program at this year's Stunt Nite in the Big Donut. Above scenes give an idea of how hikers can go into their acts on short notice.

Reminiscences of '49

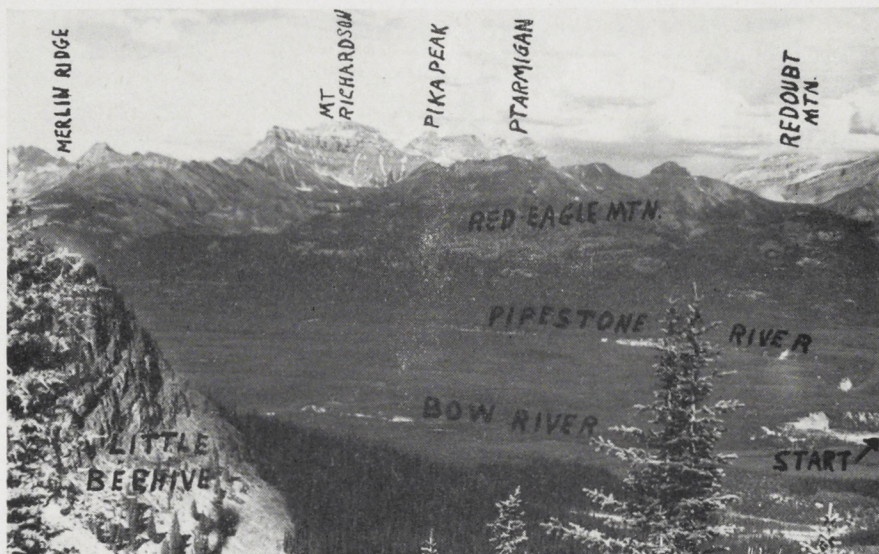


Photo shows principal landmarks of 1949 trail hike as viewed by author from Big Beehive.

by SANDY SOMERVILLE

JUST before setting out on the 1950 Skyline trip I sat one sunny day in the shelter of that pagoda-like structure on top of the Big Beehive some 2,000 feet above the Chalet at Lake Louise. While musing there lazily, gazing in awe at the majesty of Lake Louise itself and at the rich color of Lake Agnes beneath me, my eyes were carried across that mighty valley which nurses both the Bow and the Pipestone. Musing still, I was carried back 12 months to the Skyline trip of 1949.

There is our starting point down there to the right at the bottom of the valley. Yes, down there just beyond the junction of the Bow and the Pipestone. And our trail leads up and to the right into the valley of Corral Creek and then on up through the spruce trees to Mount Temple Ski Lodge, lying hidden there between the Red Eagle and Redoubt Mountains.

No, Ptarmigan Lake is not visible and at the moment I do not feel like going over to remove that shoulder of the Red Eagle which is obstructing the view. Ptarmigan Lake is there, of course, and so are the two Skoki Lakes in two different shades of blue.

In plain sight is Ptarmigan Peak and in the valley just beyond it lies our camp. One must imagine our trail around beyond Pika Ridge, past Skoki Lodge and back this way again climbing up the trail that Lawrence Grassi made. His hard work makes our road easy till we come to those two gems called Merlin Lakes. They are over there just behind Mount Richardson. The going was tough over Merlin's mighty rock pile but see that little group, over there to the left, and they're right on top of Merlin's Ridge!

Boy! I'm all tuckered out. Let's sit down and rest a bit.

New Officers Take a Bow

MAKE way for the new exec!—And here's wishing 'em all the best for a happy and successful term of office. And to those who have been re-elected to their various committees for another term, we extend an equally warm western handshake.

All those elected have shown special enthusiasm and interest in the trail hikers' activities—a spirit that cannot help but have a beneficial effect on the organization's future. We are particularly gratified to see so many new members elected to the council. To these we offer an additional orchid.

As a non-profit organization, we depend on our members to help get things done (and there's plenty to be done) and to all who have offered their time and services in this connection we supplement our congratulations with thanks and appreciation.

There will be, no doubt, many occasions where their advice and assistance will be gratefully utilized by the organization.

The new slate, which was ratified at our annual meeting at Bryant Creek Meadows on August 1, includes the following:

President: Miss Caroline Hinman, Summit, N.J., succeeding Miss Bea de Lacy, Portland, Ore.

Vice-Presidents: Peter Vallance, Calgary, replacing Miss Hinman. Remaining in office as vice-presidents are Miss M.P. Hendrie, Calgary, Alta.; J.C. Mulvey, Tacoma, Wash.; Dr. A. Somerville, Edmonton, Alta.; Brig. Sir E.O. Wheeler, M.C., Windermere, B.C.

We also salute the following new council members: F.H.W. Chanter, Nelson, B.C.; G.A. Doeller, Dayton, O.; E.R. Edgcomb, Philadelphia, Pa.; Des Gabor, New York, N.Y.; J.P. Gallagher, Calgary, Alta.; R.D. Loudon, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. N. MacKenzie, Vancouver, B.C.

Mrs. P.A. Moore of Banff and Miss Bea de Lacy, Portland, have been appointed honorary members of the association.



(Submitted by Des Gabor)

We present here a fine view of Mount Assiniboine, Matterhorn of the Rockies, and popular objective of hikers on this year's trip. Des Gabor of New York is seen in foreground.

A Preview of Our Next Issue

Though we're just sending the November issue to press, we've already assembled some top material for the forthcoming February issue. And as usual there will be a goodly assortment of photos reminiscent of the 1950 hike and a map—we hope—of the area slated for next year's skyline trek.

Feature material will be highlighted by a colorful review of this year's camp by E.P. Holmes of Calgary, who has provided us with much readable material in the past.

An article by Mary Weekes of Regina will show how we trail riders would make out if we switched our locale from the Rockies to Nova Scotia, while Des Gabor of New York will tell us how the Swiss Rockies compare to our own.

We've also been supplied with a fine account of a motor trip to points south, including Yellowstone, with hikers Evelyn Boyd and Edith Wagner in the driver's seat.

We invite all members to submit material and photos they feel might be of interest to their fellow hikers. Any photos or snaps so used will be credited to the owner and returned on request.

Roughing it in the

Encounter with Big Wolf and Grizzly Bear Are Hair-Raising Highlights of Solo Hike in Rockies

IN EARLY days the Daniel Boones and Kit Carsons used to feel overcrowded when other folks encroached within 50 miles of them. They'd then pull up stakes and move on, after more breathing space. But, as things are today, about the only place left for one who seriously wants to "get away from it all" is down at the South Pole, among the penguins. Yet even that has its drawbacks, for, if donning a tuxedo for dinner a couple of nights a month is bad, what about having to dress for meals every day?

One summer I managed to play hookey from the duties imposed by civilization long enough to gratify my Boone and Carson yearnings. Foot-loose and fancy free, I adventured for five glorious months in my beloved Rockies. And some of the roughest, toughest trips I took were in the region with which many Skyline Hikers acquainted themselves this year.

My first hike into this area was to the lovely Spray Lakes. Though 'twas merry May, the

trip was marked by constant snow squalls. Fearing to cross the swollen Spray River at the regular ford, I bushwhacked along the bank, to where the stream widened. Sailing in, I made the first 100 feet without dunking myself over the knees. But at the fourth gravel bar I had to stop and strip to the buff—with but 10 yards to go, I'd hit the main channel. 'Twas up to my hips, and then some, but the excitement of getting across more than made up for the frigid path.

Getting back on the trail, I saw some bear tracks going my way. Never have I known a critter of such a one-track mind, for, in 20 miles along the Spray and up Smuts Creek, not once did Bruin budge from the trail, though the snowdrifts were often four feet deep. But I soon learned that there was method in his madness, upon finding how many bloodthirsty wood ticks I'd brushed from bushes in avoiding the drifts on the trail.

Rising at dawn, at my camp on Lower Spray Lake, I had one of the most memorable of experiences. Low-hung clouds of a mackerel sky formation closed in the valley, and were perfectly mirrored in the still waters of the lake. And, returning to Banff via Goat Creek, I was thrilled to jump 14 moose within an hour.

In June I headed south via Brewster, Allenby, and Bryant Creeks. Reaching the valley of Marvel Lake, I quickly fell under its enchantment, for its scenic grandeur is unsurpassed anywhere in the Rockies. Especially fine are the vistas along the trail to Wonder Pass; dark green forests and the spectacular cliffs and glaciers of Mount Gloria, Aye, and Eon form a perfect setting for those jewels of sapphire and turquoise: three-mile long Marvel Lake, tiny Lake Terrapin, and the exquisite Lake Gloria—the latter the more intensely colored of all. And this is, par excellence, a land of flowers, for my season's floral tally mounted from 60 to more than 150 during this 10-day trek.

The hike over Wonder Pass to Assiniboine was exceedingly strenuous, there being at least a mile through unbroken snow 10 feet in depth. But at sunset I felt amply rewarded for my efforts, when the entire Western sky blazed with banners as vivid as the oaks and maples and quaking aspens of autumn. That night I perched atop a spruce



← Lake Gloria from trail to Wonder Pass.

Rockies



Mount Queen Elizabeth as mirrored in the fringe of Belgium Lake.

tree near the pass—a sprawling timberline tree over which I pitched my pup tent. With a luxurious, foot-deep browse bed that any king might well envy, I slept the sleep of the gods.

The next day I slogged on past Mount Assiniboine to Sunburst Valley, camping at Cerulean Lake. After knocking about here for a couple days, I headed home by way of the wild, weird Valley of the Rocks, Simpson River, and Egypt Lake. The trip down Pharaoh Creek was quite a nightmare, the fire trail and all bridges having been washed out by spring freshets.

A month later found me setting out for the Kananaskis Lakes. Leaving Sunshine Lodge, I hiked by Rock Isle Lake to Citadel Pass and Golden Valley and pushed on to Mount Assiniboine and Lake Gog by dark. At sunrise I went across Wonder Pass, to revel once more in the breathtaking beauty of Marvel Lake and its environs. Passing down Bryant Creek, I forded it at its junction with the Upper Spray River.

Heading up this valley, I observed the changing character of the stream, its placidity contrasting greatly with its tumultuous lower reaches. The view of the stream's meanders from Palliser Pass is a rather odd one: the dozens of oxbow bends glinting in the sunlight, have the appearance of so many scattered pearls. And at this pass I beheld another rare sight: a herd of 94 magnificent elk, fortunately crossing a snowfield, so that I was enabled to count them. Here, too, I also observed a great baldheaded eagle.

*The author takes a short cut across →
Bryant Creek.*

At Palliser Lake the trail petered out, so I slowed to a snail's pace, fighting my way "by guess 'n' by gosh" for four days through a chaos of rocks and fallen timber to Kananaskis Lake.

While sitting down to fix my camera strap, at Leroy Creek, I suddenly sensed an unseen presence, glancing up to see a timber wolf quietly contemplating me from 10 paces away. Seized by a species of buck fever, instead of grasping the opportunity for a once-in-a-lifetime picture, I merely cried, "Scat!" But Brer Wolf didn't scat worth a cent, for he continued watching me a few moments, then trotted unconcernedly off.

'Twas here, too, that I had my first spine-chilling encounter with a grizzly. First glimpsing his head above a stump, 40 feet ahead, I stopped in my tracks. He then stood up, revealing his massive seven feet height. Having noticed numerous pits nearby, where hapless prairie dogs had been dug from their holes by hungry bears, I thought my time had surely come: 150 pounds of human, however tough and gristly, ought to have been a welcome morsel for a famished bruin. It appears, though, that I'm not fated—yet—to end up as a humanburger for a bear, for, after trading looks with me, he ambled off.

Climbing to the head of Leroy Creek, with its striking views of the Royal Group, I crossed North Kananaskis Pass, where lovely Lake Maude nestles beneath the Continental Divide. Getting through to Kananaskis Lakes, I then returned via Smith-Dorrien and Smuts Creeks to Spray Lakes, thence out by Whiteman's Pass to Canmore, completing one of the finest mountaineering trips of my career.

(All photos submitted by Mr. Lovell)



SOME FAMILIAR PERSONALITIES AT CAMPFIRE



Hikers who attended our 1950 campfire singsongs and "stunt nite" will have no trouble recognizing those depicted above—all of whom contributed to our entertainment and well-being.

Reading from left we present Dr. Guy M. Everett, emphasizing the highlights of the day's hike; Sir Oliver Wheeler describing Mount Everest; Michael Guinn in a most popular role; Bea de Lacy playing a character part in a hilarious mono-skit; Mrs. L.C. Wolfenden leading the audience in a novel let's-all-play presentation.

The Charm of Lake O'Hara

AUTHOR IMPRESSED WITH REGION'S BEAUTY

From an office desk in the heart of a big city, the following description of Lake O'Hara written by novelist Frederick Niven and reproduced in an earlier edition of the Skyline Trail, cannot help but bring back nostalgic memories of the good old Rocky trails—particularly for those who have already hiked in this alpine paradise.

"Think of it," writes the author, "one comes from hard wearing labor in a hot, dusty town, from the nerve-wracking discordances of city streets to the heart of this earthly paradise.

"One sinks down upon a mossy bank and breathes in the life-giving air of the mountains—pure, fresh, pine-scented. One feels the soothing harmony of this enchanted spot, the gentle surf in the tree-tops on the mountainside; emerging from the jade temple of a forest, you can enter an alpine garden where the botanist can count seventy-five varieties of wild flowers in half as many minutes."

The author's remarks are followed by a description of Lake O'Hara Lodge where hikers of that year had their headquarters, and which to many a nostalgic hiker will sound more glamorous than the finest big-city hotel in the world!

The central chalet is on a slight elevation overlooking the lake, and the bungalows—enshrined in tall pines and spruces—dot the shoreline.

The chalet consists of a dining room, lounge and a number of bedrooms. It is a rustic building on the style of a Swiss chalet, and is built of huge logs. The ceiling extends to the full height of the building, and the sleeping apartments open off the balcony that encircles the four sides.

The room is furnished with appropriate rustic simplicity—long, low chairs and lounges, arranged about a blazing log fire, and gaily decorated tables in front of the windows facing the lake.

"The days are spent on the trails. The immediately surrounding trails are naturally uphill and lead to Oesa Lake, above Seven Sisters Falls, with small icebergs even in midsummer; Lake McArthur, a perfect glacial cirque; Opabin Meadows, rich in flowers; and Mount Odaray Lookout. With the aid of a guide, one can cross Abbott Pass to Lake Louise, or round by Opabin and Wenkchemna Passes to Moraine Lake."

Makes good winter reading, doesn't it—particularly when you know that trail hike days—like the good old summertime—will come again.

Iowa Mountaineers Choose Lake O'Hara for Campsite

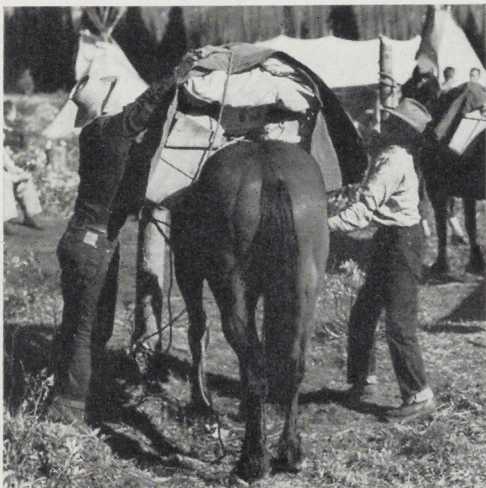


(Dr. A. Somerville)

Two newcomers obviously enjoy themselves. Auriol Giffard (left) and Eileen Wayne.



Hikers view evening camp fire performance with mingled emotions.



Loading a packhorse.

The Skyline Trail Hikers were not the only organized group to delight in the Rocky Mountain trails this summer.

Their charms were shared and their peaks climbed by 41 members of the Iowa Mountaineers, whose summer expedition was reported in the Fall issue of the Iowa Climber, their official publication.

Their base camp, location at Lake O'Hara, was reported ideal as were the services of Claude Brewster and his boys who attended to the outfitting.

Says the report: "The basecamp location at Lake O'Hara was ideal and the equipment and services the finest in club history. Basecamp work was performed by five employees of the Brewster Enterprises of Banff. The food was served punctually, the quality was superb and the quantity unlimited.

"The camp was fully erected and staffed on our arrival and the round-trip packing services from Wapta Lake to Lake O'Hara were performed efficiently and on schedule."

Mountain ascents included Mt. Schaeffner by 32 members, Wiwaxy Peaks by 13 members, Mt. Odaray by 12 members, Mt. Victoria by 14 members, and Mt. Athabasca by 18 members. The ascent of Mount Lefroy was unsuccessful because of bad weather, although 19 members were within two hours of the summit.

Other activities included a day of snow instruction at Opabin Pass, overnight hike to Abbott Pass, hike from Lake O'Hara to Moraine Lake, fishing hikes to lakes in O'Hara region, and glacier hike up and over the snout of the Columbia Ice Field near Mt. Athabasca.

We are pleased to know our Iowa colleagues chose the Canadian Rockies for their expedition and hope they'll pay us a return trip sometime in the future.

Trail Hike Pins

We still have a larger supply of trail hike pins than we have orders, and will be pleased to forward the desired model to anyone requesting the time-honored emblem, which appears on cover of this issue.

Designed in the popular screw-cap style for men's lapels, or with brooch clasp for the ladies, and with red or yellow predominating, the buttons retail for \$3.50 apiece, postpaid.

Any hiker who has covered a minimum of 25 miles on specified areas of the Canadian Rockies is eligible to wear the pin which can be worn with equal effect on lapels, pockets, or hats.

Cash Prizes Awarded For Leading Hikefotos

★ ★ ★

IT MAY be your turn this time—your turn to win one of the three cash prizes offered this year to trail hikers submitting what the judges consider the top three hikefotos of 1950.

You needn't be modest about your photographic efforts. Photos taken with a time-honored box model stand as good a chance with the judges as a high-priced precision instrument.

The rules are simple. Just look over the snaps you took during this year's hike—either in camp or on the trails, scenics or personalities. Select one or more which you think might win the judges' nod and send to the secretary-treasurer.

Photos should be printed in glossy finish, not larger than 8" x 10" in size, black and white only, and clear enough to make a good engraving for publication purposes. Entries should be in sealed envelope on the outside of which appears a nom-de-plume. The same nom-de-plume should be clearly marked on the reverse of each snap submitted.

Winner of the first prize receives \$15.00 in cash, the runner-up, \$10.00, and third prize winner \$5.00. All winning photos will be featured in the subsequent issue of the "Skyline Trail". Others will be returned on request. A panel of three judges, none of whom is a Skyline Trail Hiker, will pass the verdict.

Deadline for the contest is February 1, 1951. Now, however, is the time to take action. You may have cash mixed with your pix. Send 'em along and we'll let you know.



(Marcella Moodie)
President Bea de Lacy receives a king-sized demi-tasse in the hikers "open-air" dining room.



(Marcella Moodie)
Happy threesome shows (l. to r.) Miss Bea de Lacy, Mrs. Norman MacKenzie, Mrs. L.C. Wolfenden.



(Des Gabor)



(Dr. A. Somerville)
On a misty morning in camp—Messrs. Chanter, Kelly and Gabor.

← *Michael takes biker for cruise on Marvel Lake.*

Melodrama in One Act



"There's gold in them thar' hills."

WE HAVE heard it said that all the world's a stage and those in it actors and actresses.

Take a look at the above photo for instance. Though you don't see a conventional stage or conventional actors and actresses, it requires only a little imagination to ring up the curtain and start a play in motion.

That is how it affected Sandy Somerville after he had snapped the unsuspecting group in the trail hike camp this summer. By studying the expressions and gestures of those depicted he wrote an impromptu dialogue which runs like this:

Lou Shulman: There's gold in them thar hills.

Guy Everett: Oh yeah?

Caroline Hinman: Next winter I'll tell

the group at Johannesburg about the weird prospector I met at Bryant Creek Meadows.

Graham Nichols: (from behind smoke screen): Maybe I should make a few notes about this for the Skyline Trail Bulletin.

Anne Fallis: I wonder if I could get my fingers on just a little of that yaller metal.

Bob Loudon: If I listen carefully I might get enough information to figure out the exact location. I'll bet it's up there on Cascade Rock.

Pop Martin: That's a taller tale than my moose story—and they didn't believe that one either.

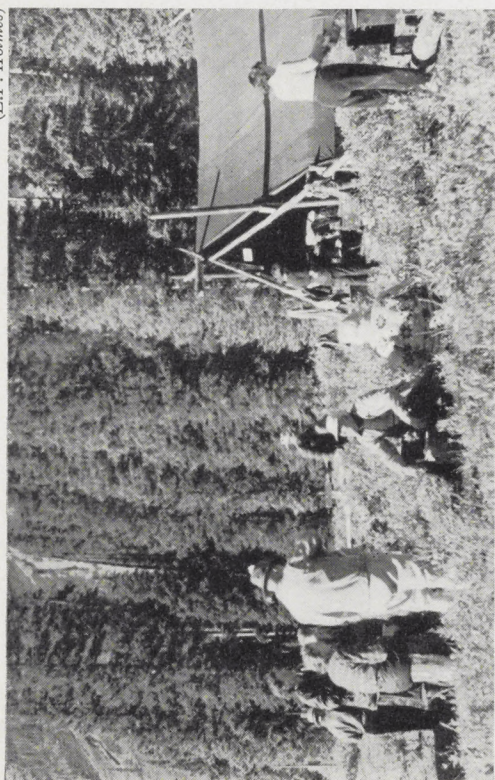
★ ★ ★

Exeunt all players eyeing each other with suspicion.

All members who have not yet paid their annual membership dues for 1950 are requested to do so with as little delay as possible. The amount is only a dollar and the funds are required to help the organization meet its operating expenses. Payment of dues will be promptly acknowledged with official receipt and the new membership card.

MEMORIES OF A SKYLINE HIKE

(E.P. Holmes)



Taking it easy.

(E.P. Holmes)



Halt at Spray Lake.



Mrs. Turner, Shark, Smuts and Birdwood as seen from trail bike camp.



Group of hikers setting out for the high spots.

Here's How to Become a Skyline Trail Hiker!

Who are the Trail Hikers?

The Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent group of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a five-day camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise in Alberta.

What are their principal aims?

Among their principal aims are the encouragement of hiking over Rocky Mountain trails, the construction of new trails and the maintenance and improvement of those already existing, the preservation of our national parks, and co-operating with other organizations with similar aims.

Can I become a member?

You or anybody else can join the hikers at any time you wish. Membership is open to all — irrespective of sex, age, color, creed or profession. We welcome new members to our organization.

What are the requirements?

To become a full-fledged member it is necessary to have accumulated a minimum of 25 miles' hiking on Rocky Mountain trails. This is usually acquired by most hikers at their first five-day camp. Annual membership fee is one dollar.

Is climbing experience necessary?

The answer is no. We are not mountain climbers; we do not scale cliffs with ropes and crampons. We are walkers of the uphill and downdale type. The hikes are not strenuous and can be enjoyed by anyone who likes a good walk with a side order of spectacular mountain scenery.

How do I join the annual hike?

To join the annual hike send your application to the Secretary-Treasurer, Skyline Trail Hikers

of the Canadian Rockies, Room 284, Windsor Station, Montreal, Que., Canada, accompanied by a five-dollar deposit. Your deposit will be refunded if you alter your plans on or before July 1.

What is the total fee?

Total cost of the hike is \$35.00. This includes tepee accommodation for five days, meals in camp and gratuities. All services in camp are provided by the outfitter and staff at no extra cost to the trail hikers. This includes the cutting of firewood and spruce boughs for tepee use.

Sleeping bags can be rented for \$5.00 each for the camp's duration. Rubber ground sheets and blankets are provided at no cost where these are required.

When are the hikes held?

The hikers usually hold their annual camp over the last week-end in July or the first in August. This year the dates are Saturday, July 28 to Wednesday, August 1, inclusive.

How are camps set up?

Camps are made up of Indian tepees, constructed and decorated by the Stony Indians who have a reservation at nearby Morley. The tepees are equipped with vents so as to permit the lighting of fires inside when nights are cool. Three to four hikers can share a tepee in comfort.

Can I keep pace with the vets?

You don't need to. At the start of each day's hike, members are divided into groups according to their experience, their scenic tastes and the amount of hiking they wish to accomplish. Each group has an experienced guide to lead the way.

Well, what am I waiting for?

Nothing at all. Send in your application!

Skyline Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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